THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[An English gentleman with whom, during a short residence in this country, we were in habits of intimacy, has lately addressed the following letter to a mutual friend, who has given us the power to publish it in this Journal. It will quickly be perceived that the letter-writer has bright opticks to discern, and a skilful hand to describe what is beautiful in romantick scenery, or sublime in the remains of art. The description of his pedestrian tour through one of the most interesting counties in England is vivid as the emerald green of his own happy fields.]

YOUR welcome letter of the fifth August came in course, but was prevented being acknowledged in *course*, by absence on my south pedestrian expedition.

You did wisely to write by His Majesty's packet; whatever is committed to His Majesty's care is sacred from profanation. He protects alike from the gaze of impertinence and the hand of violence. I cannot say as much for "some one of the Liverpoolers," as I never received your letter of August or September, 1805, which has made a chasm in your correspondence from May 25, 1805, to August 5, 1806. I make a point of writing by the packets, and I do not find that a single letter of mine has miscarried.

I have also travelled E. W. N. and S. through your States: from South-Carolina to New-Hampshire; from the Cataba to the Onondaga; from the Neversink Hills to the Alleghany Mountains; from Lake Erie to Lake Champlain, and was never invited by beat of tattoo to "go to bed Tom, with one shoe off and one shoe on," in a word, to *bundle:* nor did I ever meet with a traveller who would assert that he had ever experienced this mark of confidence and kindness. I have frequently slept in the same room with the family, father, mother, sons and daughters, but they always gave me a bed to myself, though the family squeezed the closer for it. That bundling has been practised I have no doubt, *but then* the parents have been in the room, *two* or more daughters in the same bed, and the upper garments only thrown off. This species of bundling may indicate the greatest pureness as well as simplicity of manners, and is no reflection upon the morals of any country.

I have not seen Moore's book, though from your description I feel inclined to purchase it. Judging from the Reviews, he is too severe upon a country which treated him with so much hospitality. I wish every traveller to speak truth, but then it should be the whole truth, or rather, say all the good he can, but not all the evil. You will observe that Moore has been involved in a *paper* war.

You are wrong in supposing that the New-Yorkers excited "pretty

warm feelings" against you. We gazed at the scene as you would at a heap of burning stubble: we saw a crackling blaze that ended in smoke, but neither felt the heat, nor dreaded harm. We certainly wish to keep well with you, but if in supporting our sovereignty by sea, now necessary as a barrier and counterpoise to the dominion and ambition of France, we clash with your *covert* commerce, you must not be surprised, if you are now and then, as I heard a Frenchman say, "*un homme de moins.*" We do not blame your resentment, but we thought the New-Yorkers did themselves no credit by their vindictive and childish manner of showing it.

Space is not allowed me to say much of my last excursion. It was both of less extent and of less variety than that through Wales. Instead of ten weeks, I, in this, consumed thirty-one days only: and instead of rambling through seventeen counties, I confined myself to two of the three ridings which divide my native one. Yet this *home circuit* included objects of much originality and of matchless beauty.

North Wales, whose boast is the sublime, has nothing to equal Gordale Scar, an object so transcendently sublime, as forced bishop Pococke to declare, that though he had seen all that was great and striking in the rocks of Arabia and Judea, he had seen nothing comparable to Gordale Scar. Neither has Judea, which could once boast the most glorious temple of the living God, nor any other country under heaven, so august, so solemn, so *devotional* a place of worship as York Cathedral. Saint Peter's, at Rome, may be more magnificent, but it reminds you more of the creature than the Creator; the one expanding your mind with surprise and admiration, this other penetrating the soul with awe and pious reverence. In the one you might expect to hear a madam Mara or a Billington, in the other the holy strains of a Magdalene.

If Craven furnishes no water-falls like those of the Mawddach, or Pont-ar-Fynach, it exhibits the Wharfe roaring through the Strid, and the Aire, after a subterraneous passage, breaking into day at the foot of Malham Cove, where the Valley is closed by a portal of limestone forming a beautiful segment of a circle two hundred and eighty-six feet in height. Imagine, what I had evident proofs was once the case, the river Aire, many times its present volume, precipitated down the face of this rock, and consider that Niagara itself falls short one hundred and fifty feet. Not only Malham Cove, but Gordale Scar may be considered as the sources of the Aire.. How delightful to trace a river to such a head! Had such been the source of the Abyssinian Nile, what would then have been Bruce's exclamation?

The water-falls in Wales are highly picturesque, highly romantick; but they have a kind of portable look: you feel inclined to carry them off, and place one here and another there, as you think will best decorate your park scenery. But Aysgarth Force, the Pearl of Wensleydale, instead of being a part, is the principal in the scene. It is a majestick river, *forcing* its way with accelerated velocity down a succession of ledges, a flight of steps: it is a mighty rush of waters, and was beheld with pleasure by one, who, from the Table Rock, has hung suspended over the abyss of Niagara.

Wales is unequalled in her castles; those of Skipton, of Middleham, and of Bolton would lose this appellation if placed by the lordly sides of Conway and Cærnavon. But in monastick ruins, the British isles cannot match that portion which fell under my late survey. What extensive districts must be explored for such ruins as Kirkstall, Bolton, Coverham, Easby, Jervaux, Fountain, Byland, and Rivaux Abbeys! Tintern Abbey, and probably Melross, can alone enter into competition with some of these.

Where will you find one whose first appearance is so striking, so picturesque, so romantick as Kirkstall Abbey? where the ivy has climbed the loftiest tower, where the elm of many ages overshadows the cloisters, and where the winged seed of the ash has

found a bed in the dormitory—a fruitful bed in a place dedicated to celibacy, fulfilling, by increasing and multiplying, a commandment contemned by the monks. Where will you find so aerial a structure as Rivaux? a structure from the side walls being knocked away, supported solely on the columns of the nave, pillar above pillar, window surmounting window. Thus has accident, not human skill, worked with fairy fingers. And, to cut short this *ruinous* detail, where will you, as at Fountain-Abbey, find so complete a specimen of a monastick institution?

You walk the lengthened nave, cross the transept opening right and left one hundred and eighty-six feet, proceed through the choir, pass behind the altar, enter the sanctum sanctorum, and then, turning round, retrace with your eye a vista of shattered walls and mutilated columns three hundred and fifty-one feet in length: or, by elevating your sight, survey a perfect tower at the majestick height of one hundred and sixty-six feet. You descend into the cloisters and their enclosed garden of one hundred and twenty feet square; you visit the deserted kitchen whose fire has roasted droves of beeves, and whose oven has shut its fiery mouth upon innumerable flocks and herds. Passing the chapter-house, which is eighty-four feet by forty-two, you enter the refectory of the ample dimensions of one hundred and eight feet by forty-five. What holocausts have been offered up here to useless drones! The very food that within these walls has only served to pamper laziness and gluttony, would provision for three campaigns, an army large enough to liberate Europe from her present thraldom, and hurl the Buonapartes from their thrones. By two or three steps you descend into the ambulatory, where the monks walked for an appetite three hundred feet without a turn, or perhaps without a syllable. Above these cloisters is the dormitory of the same dimensions, three hundred feet by forty-two. How pure did I here breathe the air where once issued unwholesome fumes from scores of snoring fat-fed monks!

Much as I admire such venerable *ruins*, there is something in the *perfect* works of art that yields more exquisite, though not purer, gratification. The paintings at Hafod and at Powis Castle, and the statuary at Margam, yielded me this delight in Wales: but excepting the faun and the vase at Margam, I saw Mr. Johne's, Mr. Talbot's, and the Powis collections excelled by those of Lord Grantham's at Newby Hall, Mr. Duncombe's at Duncombe Park, and the Earl of Carlisle's at Castle Howard.

York Cathedral, and Fountain-Abbey, are each worthy, in my opinion, a voyage across the Atlantick, yet so little of *this taste* do your *travelled* Americans possess, that in the * *hundreds* who visit this country, and who pass within an hour's ride of such objects, you will not find *tens* who have seen them, or *fives* who ever expressed a wish to see them, or *ones* who having seen them will say any thing in their praise. Yes! you may meet with one, you may meet with —— of Baltimore. If you meet with Mr. —— of ——, he will tell you that I could not rouse him from his bed in a bright summer's morning to visit Salisbury Cathedral, or tempt him to approach Oakhampton Castle, from fear the hanging walls would fall and knock his brains out: that he scorned to take a station in Weymouth church to see the royal family; and thought "it hardly worth while" to step out of the chaise to walk through that stupendous Temple of the Druids, Stonehenge. Yet —— was not an ignorant man, nor a man without taste; he knew the dams and grandams of our race-horses, and the names and favourite hits of our bruisers, and could tell by his silk neck-kerchief whether a man patronised Belcher or the Chicken. If such, my dear ——, is your taste, I have written you a most stupid

* As you and I know *why* ninety in the hundred visit Europe, we can only be surprised at this indifference in the *tithe* who visit Europe for *pleasure*.

letter; but I am well assured, that were you to visit England, you would extend your acquaintance beyond the places of amusement and dissipation of the metropolis, and think a sequestered valley and its ivy-mantled tower worthy of your contemplation and regard.

What an eventful winter was the last! yet the present opens as if it would be no less so. How awful and big with change are these times!

Troy maintained a siege of ten years; Candia of twenty-four; Frederick for many years defended and successfully defended his rising kingdom against all the power of Austria, of Russia, and of France; look to the defence of Venice, of Switzerland, and of Holland, against the most formidable powers of Europe; and then look at the wars of the present day, when a war is but a campaign, a campaign a month, *a little month;* when a battle decides the fate of an empire!

The printer has scarcely set his types to announce the march of hostile armies before he has to reset them to announce rout, subjugation, and submission.

Crowns dance in the air like flakes of snow: what appeared settled on the head of one, is wafted on the brow of another, who scarcely feels the chilly impression ere it melts away.

My sentiments are still the same as I gave you in February last. Our struggle is a momentous one; we are the golden chain by which hangs the civilized world: should the Corsican break its links *chaos will come again.* Let us be, however, true to ourselves, and with the blessing of the Almighty, which in that case we may piousiy hope for, we shall be the happy, the glorious, the privileged people, destined to humble and to overthrow this destroyer of nations.

As I consider this part of my letter as a continuation of that of February third, I must add, as an instance of our success when acting by ourselves, the battle of Maida—Here was battalion to battalion, man to man, yet the French could not stand the charge. This battle is important to show that the British are superiour to the French man for man. Indeed the proportions were as 5 to 7 exclusive of their cavalry, of which we were totally unprovided.

We have not yet the Prussian account of the fatal battle of the fourteenth of October, but we know that it opened a passage for the French to Berlin. Recollecting that the fate of Austria was decided by a defeat much less complete, a battle in which twenty-five thousand Austrians only were present, a battle which may be said to be fought rather for them than by them, what can we expect from Prussia who has no brother marching to his aid with ninety thousand men flushed with victory, no ally with eighty thousand marshalled with his ranks? We fear, therefore, that Prussia is no longer a power, or if a power, a satellite of France.

Write soon to your Friend.

Wakefield, Nov. 3, 1806.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Permit one of your numerous admirers to address you. My situation is truly critical, and from you alone can I expect aid. I am, sir, the authour of a little manuscript work, entitled "A Tour round the Lakes which form the northern boundary of the United States"; and this work I was on the eve of publishing, when I fortunately saw The Port Folio of the 18th October, 1806. The Review of Mr. Carr's Northern Summer by J. S. appalled me; but it had the salutary effect of preserving me and my Tour from the reviewers, and of consigning the latter to the drawer of a bureau, where, like a soul in limbo patrum, it wails and solicits your interference and protection.

Let me confess it, sir, I read the Northern Summer and was pleased with it. To my crazy fancy it seemed the work of a man of virtue and honour, written in the neat, unstudied language of wit and fashion. Yes sir, I had even contracted a certain friendship for the little Swede, and felt a stronger desire to see it, than I ever had to see the triumphal car of the

Emperour and King Buonaparte, the coach and three mules of the sable Emperour Dessalines, or even the guillotine. Guess, sir, my confusion, on finding out by the review of J. S. that I should have scorned the authour, despised the work, and wished the shabby little Swede at——St. Cloud.

I never had a very exalted opinion of my own judgment, but whatever it may have been, the review of J. S. reversed it *de fond en comble;* and this was not the worst. No fond mother ever more ardently wished to see her darling son make a figure, than I did to see my Tour issuing from the bookseller's in calf and gold. But then the reviewers; and especially the formidable J. S.—Ay, there 's the rub. In short, sir, if you do not help me out by clear ard categorical answers to the following queries, my Tour shall never more quit the drawer until that great day when the works of all men must be brought to light!

To shorten your labour, and to bring things to a point, I shall present my queries under two distinct and separate heads, viz. Travels and Travel-writers, and Reviewers.

TRAVELS AND TRAVEL-WRITERS.

Query 1st. What is the precise invariable statute style in which travels must be written under the penalty of being reviewed by J. S.?

2d. Is there any saving clause in favour of an authour who suits his language and style to his subject?

3d. Does the statute style admit any original poetry, or poetick quotations? Item the number and dimensions of the same?

4th. Should the work of an authour of this class run the risk of being smuggled, or even legally carried into a distant country, for instance into that part of England called Devonshire, where our language, arts, particularly architecture, and some of our most natural feelings, may not be universally known, what precautions are necessary to make that work nevertheless agreeable to every individual of that or any other country?

5th. What is to be done with the splenetick, the morose, the empty, the presumptuous, the witlings, the fops, and the reviewers?—N. B. You need not throw away a moment's time on the class mentioned by Mr. Pope in the following lines:

All fools have still an itching to deride;
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

Mr. Pope was a judge of this class, and gave them up as incorrigible.

THE REVIEWERS.

1st. The natural history of these beings, whether of the land or water, or amphibious?

2d. Are they amenable to the laws of *decency;* and are they at liberty to assume the dictatorial *morgue* of Dr. Johnson with a few shreds of his knowledge?

3d. Is the moral character of an authour a fit subject for these reviewers, when that authour is a foreigner and total stranger?

4th. Is there a certain stock of knowledge necessary for their calling, viz. a perfect knowledge of the language they attempt to write, the knowledge of the difference between *pertness* and *sprightliness*, between a *wit* and a *wag?*

5th. Are the reviewers bound by oath or affirmation to obtrude their opinions upon the publick; and is the publick bound to see with the eyes and to hear with the ears of the reviewers? Good lack! if this be so, each reviewer must have as many eyes as the famous Argus, and be furnished with such ears as his Phrygian Majesty Midas had, which are said to have been like those of an ass.

If sir, you are disposed to raise difficulties, I feel that you may ask why I did not, on this occasion, apply for instructions to J. S. who is so ready to enlighten the publick by wholesale. But have the goodness to hear my reasons, and you will plainly see that the thing is impossible: first sir, J. S. speaks a language which I do not always comprehend: for instance, he seems to say that *candour* must be *merited;* he calls the *being an officer, a practice;* he talks of an *imprecation* of

mercy ; and of *alleviating venity*, &c. a slip in orthography I do not mind.

Listen good sir to my second reason. I never felt any inclination to put a paper into the hands of those who make too frequent a use of such expressions as the following : the *bar* of publick opinion ; a *jury* in the republick of letters ; *sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—ne exeat regnum ;* and *prosecuting to outlawry :* these sir sound ominously, although I grant you there may be little in them ; *mais cela se sent du metier*. Lastly sir, there is a passage in this review which set me quite at a loss respecting the sex of J. S. therefore in this perplexity about so delicate a matter, how could I, without a risk of being ridiculous, address J. S.? The passage which perplexed me is this : "I shall not undertake to say whether this has arisen from *vanity* to display his erudition, or *avarice* to swell his publication." How sir could I imagine a lady capable of writing this ; or how suppose that a gentleman would write it, unless indeed in a moment of ill-humour, when we are all too apt to overstep the bounds of decency ?

Be pleased to observe, Mr. Oldschool, that I presume not to vituperate J. S. by any means ; and that when I offer a remark, it is but the remark of one who wishes to be better informed. As such only, therefore, do I surmise that if J. S. could but add two qualifications, *sapere* and *fari*, to the stock of confidence which J. S. seems already to possess, J. S. would in process of time become the literary luminary of our western hemisphere. I am the more strongly inclined to this opinion by the learned sagacity with which J. S. discovered the *pot aux roses* in the little affair between the two professors' ladies. Nay sir, I go farther, and say without hesitation, that even in the actual state of J. S. J. S. is entitled to a handsome portion of that kind of reward which Apollo adjudged to the critick in the fable. A little *chaff* may be of little intrinsick worth, but as it is the appropriate emblem of a certain species of merit, it derives thence an immense additional value. You know sir, that when the gallant Thrasybulus expelled the thirty tyrants, he received a crown composed of two olive twigs.

It would ill become me in my actual state of humiliation and prayer, to stand forth the advocate of Mr. Carr's Northern Summer. I leave that Summer in its present blighted, sad situation, and proceed to inform you, sir, whence I drew my ideas of travel-writing, according to which I conducted my own Tour. You will laugh when I confess that finding nothing certain among the moderns upon the subject, I drew all my fancied light from a certain Italian, who wrote a Tour of his own from Rome to Brundusium about eighteen hundred years ago. This little signior was a good poet and critick, and wrote many good things. In writing upon a subject very different, I confess, from travel-writing, he has the following words :

Et sermone opus est, modo *tristi* sæpe *jocoso*
Defendente vicem modo *rhetoris*, atque *poetæ*
Interdum *urbani*, *parcentis* viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

The foregoing verses constitute my code respecting the style of tours, voyages, and travels. The old tour of the Italian is also my model, but not in toto: for the little man, though a courtier of the Augustan age, has something that need not be imitated.

Now, sir, you are in full possession of my ideas on this intricate subject ; and I intreat you to issue your responses in plain household terms : for by me they shall be hailed with more reverence than if they issued from Delphi or Cuma, as you will hereafter be able to judge from my Tour ; which at present I regard only as a heap of rude materials, to be wrought into something clever, according to the directions, hints, and instructions, which you may hereafter please to communicate.

I have the honour to be,
Good Mr. Oldschool,
Your constant admirer
And very humble servant,
R. F.

P. S.—J. S. very evidently and very courteously observes, that "it is said in the Rambler, that surprise is the effect of ignorance." I dare not make this an article of my creed, although coming from the literary anvil. Pray, sir, give your opinion upon this little matter; and also let me know if what is said in the Dunciad be true, that Pertness was once Dulness—

Dulness with rapture eyes the lively dunce
Remembering she herself was *Pertness* once.

For The Port Folio.

EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

(*Concluded.*)

After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my anxiety to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked leave to accompany me. We reached the city late in the morning; and while Everard was engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's. That good woman saw me alighting, and met me at the door: "I am glad thou art come, but I have sad news for thee:—thy poor girl is sick—sick, I fear, past recovery. On the evening after thy departure for thy friend Drey's, she seemed highly feverish, and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested little; and on inquiring after her health in the morning, I sent instantly for a physician; and from his opinion I find we have little to hope. She inquires anxiously for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since yesterday noon, she has been almost constantly delirious. This morning she asked to see her infant, which had been placed with a nurse: the poor babe is itself ill, and we strove to evade her inquiry. After repeatedly urging the pathetick request, "Let me, let me see my child—my poor friendless babe!" she wildly cried—"Oh! they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!" Her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her arms: She hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in a low voice: "My sweet little Mary! your mother is dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he lives somewhere here: he will say we followed him, troubled him, digraced him!—Oh no, not for the world would we have him say that! But where is the good man who saved us? Has he forsaken us too? How kind he looked! He is an old man too—he forsake my poor Mary! No, no!" Soon after this she fell asleep; we expect her to awake in her perfect senses, and then I shall wish thee to see her immediately."

Everard now joined us, and as we were seating ourselves at dinner, an elderly gentleman, in a quaker's dress, was introduced, and welcomed by Mrs. Barlow as an old and valued friend. "Friend Hammond," said the worthy woman, "it is many long years since I shook thy hand last; I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning."

"Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted!"

"For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young woman, a guest in my house, is now on the bed of death!"

"My poor Emily is among strangers too!" replied the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drop of sorrow from his furrowed cheek. "Oh sister," added he, "I would not trouble others with my griefs; but the Almighty "hath dealt very bitterly with me." Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled me to visit India, I removed my wife and infant daughter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia. My sufferings abroad I will not mention: shipwreck, sickness, and captivity kept me from my native land for ten long years; but heaven blessed my labours with abundant increase, and but now I had returned with the soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my daughter—oh sister! my sweet little Emily is—lost; ruined, eloped from her friends! fled, perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins on her head!"

"Who!" Emily Hammond?" inquired Everard in breathless agitation.

"Yea, my good young friend, didst thou know my child.

"God of mercy!" groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as to permit any inquiry after the cause of his emotion, the nurse came from above stairs with a request from the physician who was then attending, that Mrs. Barlow would walk above. She complied immediately; but after a few minutes' absence, she returned in tears.

"Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dying? Friend J. the moments of thy poor girl are "numbered and well-nigh finished;" she wishes to bless thy kindness with her parting breath!"

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be left alone; and myself and Mrs. Hammond followed Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had approached close before she observed us. "My father!" with a faint scream was heard from the bed. Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bedside, and groaned in anguish: "My child! my poor lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is this our daughter; is this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little prattling Emily thus! Father of mercies! strengthen me to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou gone!" The poor sufferer had fainted, and our utmost efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long-drawn sob exclaimed, "My father! forgive me!"

"Forgive thee my child! I bless thee! heaven forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!"

"It is enough! Everard I forgive you."

. . . . . .

An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when the painful certainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him; and left to struggle unassisted with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and penury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked with sorrows! I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to the grave; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him, and immediately returned to the chamber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed, "Everard!—your daughter!—protect my child! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die!—— protect ——!" She faltered; her eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality!

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter, and covering his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God. Not so Everard. "Old man! mourning father!" cried he in the voice of distraction, "See here the murderer of your daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; all the powers of hell were put in array against her! Farewell!" added he with an accent of frenzy; and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily's babe rests in the same grave with its mother; and her wretched father quickly descended to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling." Rumour's hundred tongues preceded

my return to Mr. Drey's. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happiness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of desire, cries, "Come, come!" fly, fly from the forbidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit! In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe: thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the syren call! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Lose not the "good name" which years of penitent virtue cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake! Hast thou parents? Oh, why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave! Dost thou fear the God who made thee? Think, ere thought shall be distraction! Let thy fancy lead thee to the tomb of Emily Hammond; there read, "seventeen years—disgrace and death!" Fly—oh fly! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of infamy open to receive thee!

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

[To one of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, we are indebted for the following correct description of an edifice which is both honourable to the founders and an ornament to the city. Next to the cultivation of polite literature, for which, in the language of Sir William Jones, we have an undissembled fondness, is our admiration of those arts which are so happily and so energetically described by the epithet liberal, as eminently above those vulgar and groveling objects which engross the puny attention of the *meaner mass* of mankind. How grateful to avert the offended eye from the loathsome objects of common life, and to expatiate over all the charms of Grecian and Roman beauty!]

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Is situate on the north side of Chesnut midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exteriour at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exteriour: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exteriour architecture is modern Ionick. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attick with cornice, parapet, frise, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique, it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centering. The whole

could have been effected in a superiour style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and it is a better mode than with centering, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centering always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immediately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters may be pronounced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, or any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interiour consists of a principal room, two committee rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiling is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attick pannels or openings; over these are arches whose saffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestals, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guiloche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF MOTTEUX.

[To Dr. Drake, a very elegant scholar, who has lately obliged the literary world with many pleasing particulars respecting ADDISON and his contemporaries, we are indebted for the following life of a very ingenious Frenchman. Motteux, in addition to his other literary powers, which were of no humble pretension, had acquired such a treasure of pure idiomatical English, that in the witty employment of colloquial and proverbial combinations he has actually surpassed many of the English themselves. His translation of Don Quixote, which was the first we ever perused, and which we have continued to indulge ourselves with to more than the *tenth repetition*, is incomparably superiour in its power to provoke merriment to Smollet's vaunted version. Sancho's proverbs, which abound in the Spanish original, are well rendered only by Motteux. The spirit of Sancho's character is totally mistaken or neglected by Smollet, and yet perhaps from his own vanity, but more probably from the suggestion of a mercenary bookseller, this distinguished novelist, who ought to have had better employment than translating what had already been ably translated, very ostentatiously boasts of his superiority to Skelton, Capt. Stevens, Charles Jarvis, and Motteux himself. We again strongly recommend Motteux for the wonderful copiousness of his colloquial style, and we again commend his Don Quixote, because a merrier work can scarcely be found, and because in the dull and dismal scenes of this wild world, a merry book *doeth good like a medicine*. The translation of Rabelais, one of the most obscure, difficult, and incoherent authours that ever indulged the vagaries of a lawless imagination, is admirably executed, and the translator has shed bright light upon many a passage which, in the original, was only *darkness visible!* We cannot conclude this preface without remarking that we were once assured by a very learned friend, that the best version of all those passages in Don Quixote, where *Sancho* is an interlocutor, was in *Low Dutch*, and the correctness of this opinion will be fully confirmed when we reflect upon the peculiar genius of that language. Since we have indulged ourselves thus far in mentioning the various versions of a favourite authour, whose great work is as imperishable as the poems of Homer, it is only justice to name, and to praise Florian, the *last* French translator. This accomplished man, who has been called the Gallick Goldsmith, because he is always successful in the sweet and tender style, gilded the gloom of his declining days by translating Don Quixote. This version is in six small volumes, and is distinguished for some judicious variations and retrenchments from the original. From the purity, perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance of

its style it ought to be arranged with the best French classicks.]

Peter Anthony Motteux, a native of France, was born at Rouen in Normandy, in 1660. He chose England for his place of residence, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and for some time lived with his relation Paul Dominique, Esq. Mr. Motteux is one of the few Frenchmen who have *obtained a perfect knowledge of our language;* he acquired, indeed, such an *intimacy with its idiom* and *colloquial expression*, that his *translations* from the Spanish and French *exhibit completely the art of original composition.* "Motteux," observes Mr. Tytler, speaking of his version of Don Quixote, "appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave, burlesque, and low humour. Inferiour to Smollet in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of Don Quixote. On the whole," he concludes, "I am inclined to think that the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes."*

Our authour engaged likewise, in the still more difficult task of translating Rabelais, a writer whose style is so obsolete, that but few of his own countrymen are fully able to develop his meaning. The first three books of this singular satire had been so well translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart, that Motteux only continued the version, and the whole was afterwards revised by Mr. Ozell. Mr. Tytler has pronounced the version, thus corrected, one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation. "The best criticks," says he, "in both languages have borne testimony to its faithful transfusion of the sense, and happy imitation of the style of the original; and every English reader will acknowledge that it possesses all the ease of original composition."*

In addition to these literary labours Motteux translated several plays, which were brought with some success on the stage; he wrote also several prologues and epilogues, and dedicated a poem *On Tea* to the Spectator. All his exertions, however, as a member of the republick of letters, were inadequate to his support; and he found it necessary to relinquish his pen for the more profitable returns of trade. He opened, therefore, an East-India ware-house in Leadenhall-street, and obtained a valuable appointment in the general post-office. His contribution to the Spectator is relative to this change in his condition, and the letter in No. 288, signed with his name, at length, may be considered as a species of advertisement descriptive of the elegant and costly articles in which he dealt.

These new employments soon placed our quondam translator in easy circumstances; he married a beautiful and amiable woman, and became the father of a family of fine children. All that life affords for rational and domestick enjoyments appeared to be now within his reach; when the indulgence of licentious appetite, at an age too which seems to indicate that it was the result of habit rather than of sudden temptation, not only exposed his character to the world, but deprived him of existence. He was found dead on the morning of the 19th of February, 1717-18, in a brothel near Temple-bar, and so strong was the suspicion arising from the combination of circumstances, that he had been murdered by the wretches who surrounded him, that the offer of a conditional pardon and a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the murderer was advertised in the London Gazette. The completion of his 58th year took place on the very day that he was destroyed.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

Amongst the historians of the first class, we may place Quintus Curtius;

* Essay on the Principles of Translation. P. 267, 268, and 312, Second Ed. 8vo. 1797.

* Ibid. P. 396, 397.

of whose life very little is recorded, but who probably wrote in the first century of our æra under the Emperour Vespasian. He has written in a short volume, divided into ten books, the life of Alexander the Great. Frenshemius has supplied very ably, the loss of the two first and one part of the last book. The style of this writer is very flowery and ornamented; but it well agrees with its subject, for he wrote the life of a very extraordinary man. Curtius particularly excels in his description of battles, but in his speeches the authour is generally too prominent a figure. The speech of the Scythians is however an exception. It is always read with pleasure, and has always been mentioned with praise.

He has been justly charged with geographical errours, and these have been rectified by Arrian. The accusation of having admitted such romance into his history, is not correctly stated; for Alexander does not appear to be a less singular character in other authours than in Quintus Curtius.

The praises which he lavishes on his hero proceed from a congenial spirit of bold enterprise. Intrepidity and fire are with him the sovereign qualities of a man; for he had not sufficient coolness of judgment to enable him to distinguish the utility resulting from caution and from prudence. The story of the "World's great Victor," is perfectly suited to the genius of the historian. They are equally warm, and violent, and rash.

Curtius, however, though an ardent panegyrist, is not so entirely estranged from justice as to disguise the faults of Alexander altogether. After he has raised him above the highest of his species, he makes some retribution to them, by occasionally depressing him beneath the lowest.

His style has freedom, life, and pleasantry; but is too lofty and declamatory. He wants simplicity, a distinguished excellence in writing; and notwithstanding the elegance of his orations and the fine flow of his language, the reader of Quintus Curtius will return with redoubled eagerness to the perusal of Livy.

LEVITY.

BURGER's beautiful ballad,

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,
To horse! to horse! halloo! halloo!

has given rise in England to a very humorous

PARODY.

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Earl Walter kicks the waiter's rump,
Down stairs! down stairs! halloo, halloo!
They sally forth, they wheel, they jump,
And fast the scampering watch pursue.

The jolly bucks from tavern freed,
Dash fearless on through thick and thin,
While answering alleys, as they speed,
Loudly reecho to their din.

Saint Dunstan's arm, with massy stroke
The solemn midnight peal had rung,
And bawling out, "Past twelve o'clock,"
Loud, long and deep the watchman sung.

The clamorous band Earl Walter guides,
Huzza, huzza, my merry men,
When, puffing, holding both their sides,
Two strangers haste to join his train.

The right-hand stranger's locks were grey,
But who he was I cannot tell;
The left was debonnair and gay,
A dashing blood I know full well.

He wav'd his beaver hat on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What joys can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match our midnight sports afford?"

"Methinks," the other said, "'t were best
To leave, my friends, your frantick joys,
And, for the balmy sweets of rest,
Exchange such rude discordant noise."

But still Earl Walter onward hies,
And dashing forward, on they go,
Huzza, huzza, each toper cries,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

The jovial band Earl Walter guides,
Along the Fleet, up Ludgate-Hill,
And puffing, holding both their sides,
His boon companions follow still.

From yonder winding lane outsprings
A phantom, white as snow,
And louder still Earl Walter sings,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

A quaker prim has crossed the way,
He sprawls their nimble feet below,
But what care they for *yea*-and-*nay*,
Still forward, forward, on they go.

See, at the corner of yon street,
A humble stall, with apples crown'd!
See, scatter'd by Earl Walter's feet,
The woman's apples rolling round.

"O Lord! have mercy on my stall,
Spare the hard earnings of the poor,
The helpless widow's little all,
The fruit of many a watchful hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still pointing to the prey,
The impatient Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou poor old wither'd witch,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loud he sung, and wav'd his switch,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

So said, so done; one single bound
Clears the *green grocer's* humble stall;
While through the apples scatter'd round,
They hurry, hurry, one and all.

And now behold the tim'rous prey,
Beyond the reach of Comus' crew,
Still lightly trip along the way,
Unconscious who her steps pursue.

Again they wheel, their nimble feet
The devious way still quickly trace,
Down Ludgate-Hill, along the Fleet,
The unwearied Earl pursues the chase.

The watch now muster strong, and dare
Dispute the empire of the field;
They wave their cudgels high in air,
"Now yield thee, noble Baron yield."

"Unmanner'd vagabonds! in vain
You strive to mar our nightly game;
Come on! come on! my merry men,
The raggamuffins we can tame."

In heaps the victims bite the dust,
Down sinks Earl Walter on the ground,
Now run who can and lie who must,
For loud the *watchmen's rattles* sound.

Now to the justice borne along,
In sullen majesty they go;
The place receives the motley throng,
And echoes to their hollo ho!

All mild amid the rout profane,
The *justice* solemn thus began:
"Forbear your knighthood thus to stain,
Revere the dignity of man.

The meanest trull has rights to plead,
Which wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the guilty head,
Howe'er by titles dignified."

Cold drops of sweat in many a trill,
Adown Earl Walter's temples fall,
And louder, louder, louder still,
The surly watch for vengeance call.

The right-hand stranger anxious pleads;
The clamours of the mob increase,
The *riot act* the justice reads,
And binds the Earl to keep the peace.

The court broke up, they sally out,
And raise a loud, a last huzza;
Then sneak'd away and hung his snout,
Each disappointed dog of law.

Muttering full many a curse, and fast
Homeward to slumber now they go;
Yet spite of all that now has past,
You'll hear next night their hollo ho!

This is the Earl, and this his train,
That oft the awaken'd *Cockney* hears;
With rage he glows in every vein
When the wild din invades his ears.

The dreaming maid sighs sad and oft,
That she her visions must forego,
When waken'd from her slumbers soft,
She hears the cry of hollo ho!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Magnanimity in politicks, exclaims Edmund Burke with all the orator's animation, is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our publick proceedings with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to *elevate our minds* to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honourable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, and the happiness of the human race.

Will it not be worth while, after the perusal of the following advertisement, which we have copied from a New-York paper, for the *curious in coffee* to purchase from Mons. Caille his improvement in the preparing of that favourite beverage?

GRECQUE A LA DUBELLOY, for *clarifying Coffee.*—Of all the modern improvements for clarifying coffee, the *Grecque*, recently invented in Paris, is the most perfect. It consists entirely of tin, and its application is so simple that coffee can be made as readily as tea, and, without the use of eggs or isinglass, is rendered as limpid as chrystalline water. It entirely supersedes the necessity of a coffee biggin, which, in neatness and purity it far surpasses. The strength of the coffee is so effectually drawn off, by percolation through the *Grecque*, that the grounds will scarcely discolour water. This valuable appendage to the breakfast table, with printed directions, may be had with, or without cof-

fee pots, adapted to urns or silver coffee pots of any description, by applying to Caille, tin plate-worker, from Paris, No. 67, Nassau-street.

—

The Robin red breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very Nightingale of the poets. This familiar bird, like certain of the canine species, appears to delight in the vicinity of man. As even Pharisees themselves affect those, who affect them, this amicable and confiding disposition, on the part of this bird, seems to have met a correspondent temper on the part of every boy. The natural malignity, perverseness, savageness, and cruelty of the human race are suspended in favour of ONE of the feathered race; and Superstition itself has formed an alliance with Mercy to protect the Robin. Almost all the English poets of celebrity, and THOMPSON in particular, describe with a union of genius and sensibility, the interesting habits and singular privileges of this bird. Mrs. C. SMITH has, in her last publication added her praise to that of her predecessors. The polite reader will perceive with delight, how admirably this lady has copied the best manner of some of the old English writers. The allusion to the fidelity of a Winter friend is pathetick.

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"A suppliant to your window comes
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round,
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred
No fears his slender feet deter,
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,
The feathered suppliant flew to her,
And fondly cherished was the bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Embolden'd then, he 'd fearless perch
Her netting or her work among,
For crumbs among her drawings search,
And add his musick to her song.

And warbling on her snowy arm,
Or half entangled in her hair,
Seem'd conscious of the double charm
Of freedom and protection there.

A grave old moralist who us'd
From all some lesson to infer,
Thus said, as on the bird he mused
Pluming his scarlet stomacher:

"Where are his gay companions now
Who sung so merrily in Spring,
Some shivering on the leafless bough
With ruffled plume and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave
Consign'd to temporary death,
And some beneath the sluggish wave
Await reviving Nature's breath.

The migrant tribes are fled away
To skies where insect myriads swarm,
They vanish with the summer day
Nor bide the bitter Northern storm:

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,
While lours December dark and drear,
The jovial, cheerful, household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour
Approving flatterers round us sport,
But if the faithless prospect lour
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd
Of Fortune's parasites, prefer
The friend like this, our winter bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

—

The Sensitive plant, from its singular character, may not merely task the ingenuity of the botanist and the naturalist, but all the memory and imagination of the poet. Indeed it has been more than once the theme of poetry and the speculation of science. Mrs. Smith thus describes its peculiarities, and then with her usual felicity draws from them a very salutary lesson.

THE MIMOSA.

Softly blow the western breezes,
Sweetly shines the evening sun;
But you, Mimosa, nothing pleases
You, what delights your comrades, teazes,
What they enjoy, you try to shun.

Alike annoy'd by heat or cold,
Ever too little or too much,
As if by heaviest winds controll'd
Your leaves before a zephyr fold
And tremble at the slightest touch.

Fluttering around in playful rings
A gilded fly your beauty greeted;
But from his light and filmy wings,
As if he had lanced a thousand stings,
Your shuddering folioles retreated!

Those feathery leaves are like the plume
Plucked from the bird of Indian skies,
But should you, therefore, thus presume
While others boast a fairer bloom,
All that surrounds you to despise?

The rose, whose blushing blossoms blow,
Pride of the vegetal creation,
The air and light disdains not so;
And the fastidious pride you show
Is not reserve, but affectation.

—

In the eye of butterflies, the outer coat has a lustre in which may be discovered the various colours of the rainbow. When examined a little closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass; having a great number of sides or *facets* in the manner of a brilliant cut diamond. Lewenhock pretends, there are above *six thousand* facets on the cornea of a *flea*. These animals therefore, see not only with great clearness, but view every object multiplied in a surprising manner. Puget adapted the cornea of a *flea* in such a position as to see *objects through it*, by means of a microscope; and nothing could exceed the strangeness of its representations; a soldier who was

seen through it, appeared like an army of pigmies; for while it multiplied it also diminished the object: the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed a general and beautiful illumination.

—

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

Written at Buxton in a rainy season.

From these wild heights, where oft the mists descend
In rains, that shroud the sun, and chill the gale,
Each transient, gleaming interval we hail,
And rove the naked vallies, and extend
Our gaze around, where yon vast mountains blend
With billowy clouds that o'er their summits sail;
Pondering how little Nature's charms befriend
The barren scene, monotonous and pale.
Yet solemn when the darkening shadows fleet
Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,
Gilded by watry sun-beams, then we meet
Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills,
And owns there is no scene so rude and bare,
But Nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.

—

*TO HONORA SNEYD,**

Whose health was always best in Winter.

And now the youthful, gay, capricious Spring,
Piercing her showery clouds with crystal light,
And with their hues reflected streaking bright
Her radiant bow, bids all her warblers sing;
The lark, shrill carolling on soaring wing;
The lonely Thrush, in brake, with blossoms white,
That tunes his pipe so loud; while, from the sight
Coy bending their dropt heads, young cowslips fling
Rich perfume o'er the fields. It is the prime
Of hours that beauty robes: yet all they gild,
Cheer, and delight in this their fragrant time,
For thy dear sake, to me less pleasure yield
Than, veil'd in sleet, and rain, and hoary rime.
Dim Winter's naked hedge and plashy field.

* Afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The task which "Pictor" has undertaken is finely described in the initial lines of a recent poem, by one of the Royal Academicians.

What various aids the student's course requires,
Whom art allures, and love of fame inspires;
But chief what toils demand his earlier hours,
Prepare his triumphs and unfold his powers.
The Muse attempts—with beating bosom springs,
And dares advent'rous on didactick wings.

The wariness of "Maritus" is jocosely described by Prior in his Paulo Purganti.

Unwilling then, in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane;
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us that all that warriour can do
With force inferiour, is, *cunctando.*

The description of some of Fashion's votaries in the female world is so faithful that the Editor may exclaim in poetick vision

I see the fair, fantastick forms appear,
The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer,
Fair, sylphish forms, who tall, erect and slim,
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the pliant limb.

To "Milo's" question there is an admirable answer in some of the lyrick effusions of Dr. Watts. Genius and Virtue constitute the true measure of greatness.

Were he so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with his span,
He must be measured by his *soul*,
THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

The state blunderers, by whom this unhappy country is disgraced and degraded, are severely lashed by F, but are they not more completely flagellated by EDMUND BURKE, who, describing such drivellers, calls them

——— *vulgar* and *mechanical* politicians, a *sort of people* who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, *therefore*, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are *not fit* to *turn a wheel* in the machine.

By the politeness of a friend we have been favoured with a file of the Providence Gazette. Among other literary productions of great merit we find a series of periodical essays entitled "The ADELPHIAD." This work, like the Spectator, is devoted to topicks either light or literary, and displays much propriety of thought and much elegance of execution. One of its principal contributors is an OXFORD SCHOLAR; and, of course, in discussing the leading topicks in literature and politicks is always sure, not only of the assent, but the admiration of the Editor of The Port Folio.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Address to ———.

Prest with a weight of woe, at Sorrow's shrine,
Say, shall I mix my mourning wreath with thine;
From melancholy musing draw relief,
And linger in the way-worn path of grief?
With *thine*, a sister's plaintive requiem blend,
Droop o'er the relicks of thy sainted friend
Nor pierce the veil Omnipotence hath spread
Around the hallow'd precincts of the dead?
Nature, recoiling, drops a bitter tear,
And cherishes the form to mem'ry dear;
Deepens each pang this aching bosom felt,
When at my brother's dying bed I knelt
And mark'd the surges of that troubled sea,
Whose waves and foaming billows burst on me.
Alas! life's glimm'ring morn was overcast:
Spring-time and blooming Summer quickly past.
Pale Omen damps the wing of future years,
No pleasure brightens, no perspective cheers;
Tempest and storm hang o'er the sea-beat coast,
Where all the fleeting bliss of youth was lost:
Where the last sparkling gleam of sunshine play'd,
And Hope's warm tints sunk into Sorrow's shade.
'Tis past—Mercy with Scraph hand, infuses balm,
And Resignation breathes an holy calm!
But oh! if memory's tender sigh should prove,
The faithful witness of a sister's love;
O'er pensive scenes, should brooding fancy roam,
And sketch the faded portraiture of home,
Where Friendship glanc'd its evanescent form,
And smiled, unconscious of the gathering storm,
Thou, who dispensed this "recent wound of heart,"
Whose silent quiver shrouds the piercing dart,
Scatter the clouds, which darken thy decree,
And reach the sceptre of thy love to me!
The starry heavens, the fruitful earth are thine;
Lo! at thy throne my treasures I resign!
Thou! who compassionates the feeling heart,
And placed thy spirit in th' immortal part,
Whose "strong right arm" guarded my brother's youth;
Kindled his talents at the source of Truth,
Warmed and enlarged his energetick mind,
With meekness tempered, and with grace refin'd,
If frail humanity, with fondness, clings
Where thrilling anguish rouses all its strings,
O, thou, who bade these sainted virtues live!
Father of Mercy! pity and forgive.

E.

Epitaph in Wrexham church-yard.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with care,
Who whilom *toll'd the bell*,
Could *dig a grave*, or *set a stave*,
And say *amen* full well.
For *sacred song*, he'd *Sternhold*'s tongue,
And *Hopkins'* eke also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.
Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve them now he's dead.
Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for *death*.

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